

June 17, 2056.  
"Yes," said the eminent merchant, as he swallowed a tabloid beefsteak, "our ancestors were an improvident set."  
"They certainly were," assented the other, gulping down a pill containing two ether eggs and a cup of coffee. "Why," Ruggins' "Customs of the Ancients" says that during the period of 1902-5 a busy merchant frequently spent ten minutes in eating one meal."

B. B. B. SENT FREE!

Cures Blood and Skin Diseases, Cancers, Bone Pains, Itching Humors, Etc.

Send no money, simply try Botanic Blood Balm at our expense. B. B. B. cures Pimples, scabby, scaly, itching Eczema, Urticaria, Eruptions, Scrofula, Blood Poison, Bone Pains, Swellings, Rheumatism, Cancer, and all Blood and Skin Troubles. Especially advised for chronic cases that the doctors, patent medicines and Hot Springs fail to cure or help. Druggists, \$1 per large bottle. To prove it cures, B. B. B. sent free by writing BLOOD BALM CO., 12 Mitchell St., Atlanta, Ga. Describe trouble and free medical advice sent in sealed letter. Medicine sent at once, prepaid. All we ask is that you will speak a good word for B. B. B. when cured.

Some people who seem to think the world owes them a living are too lazy to collect the debt.

In the Blue Grass Region.  
"I take off my hat to a 50c. box of Tetter-tine. It has cured me of skin disease which doctors in seven States failed to cure."—C. W. Cantrell, Louisville, Ky. 50c. a box by mail from J. T. Shaprine, Savannah, Ga. If your druggist don't keep it.

The child that cries for the moon may grow up and want the earth.

## Bad Coughs

"I had a bad cough for six weeks and could find no relief until I tried Ayer's Cherry Pectoral. Only one-fourth of the bottle cured me."  
L. Hawn, Newington, Ont.

Neglected colds always lead to something serious. They run into chronic bronchitis, pneumonia, asthma, or consumption. Don't wait, but take Ayer's Cherry Pectoral just as soon as your cough begins. A few doses will cure you then.

Three sizes: 25c., 50c., \$1. All druggists.

Consult your doctor. If he says take it, then do as he says. If he tells you not to take it, then don't take it. We know. Leave it with him. We are willing.

J. C. AYER CO., Lowell, Mass.

Consult your doctor. If he says take it, then do as he says. If he tells you not to take it, then don't take it. We know. Leave it with him. We are willing.

J. C. AYER CO., Lowell, Mass.

## Fruit.

Its quality influences the selling price. Profitable fruit growing insured only when enough actual

## Potash

is in the fertilizer. Neither quantity nor good quality possible without Potash.

Write for our free book giving details.

GERMAN KALI WORKS, 25 Nassau St., New York City.

## WET WEATHER WISDOM!

THE ORIGINAL

TOWER'S

FISH BRAND

OILED

CLOTHING

BLACK OR YELLOW

WILL KEEP YOU DRY

NOTHING ELSE WILL

TAKE NO SUBSTITUTES

CATALOGUES FREE

SHOWING FULL LINE OF GARMENTS AND HATS.

A. J. TOWER CO. BOSTON, MASS. 50

## CLOVER

Largest growers of Clover, Timothy and Grasses. Our northern grown Clover, for vigor, frost and drought resisting properties, has justly become famous.

SUPERIOR CLOVER, bu. \$5.90; 100 lbs. \$9.80

La Crosse Prime Clover, bu. \$5.00; 100 lbs. \$9.20

Samples Clover, Timothy and Grasses and great Catalogue mailed you for 5c. postage.

JOHN A. SALZER

SEED CO.

LA CROSSE, WIS.

## Wills Pills

Lead the World.

Are You Sick?

Send your name and P. O. address to

The R. B. Wills Medicine Co., Hagerstown, Md.

Gold Medal at Buffalo Exposition.

McILHENNY'S TABASCO

PISO'S CURE FOR

CONSUMPTION

## CROWNING GEORGE III

A DESCRIPTION OF HIS CORONATION AS SEEN BY A GENTLEMAN.

Picturesque Incidents of the Ceremony—The Anointing of the King—Gorgeous Banquet—King Edward's Coronation Will Be a Similar Function.

"As the friendship of Mr. Rolles, who had procured me a pass-ticket, as they call it, enabled me to be present both in the hall and the abbey, and as I had a fine view of the procession out of doors from a one-pair-of-stairs-room, which your neighbor, Sir Edward, had hired at the small price of 100 guineas, on purpose to oblige his acquaintance, I will endeavor to give you as minute an account as I can of all the particulars omitted in the public papers."

So wrote Mr. James Heming to a friend in the country ages ago. His letter is dated Tuesday, September 22, 1761, the day on which George III. was solemnly crowned. Mr. Heming faithfully guarding his precious pass-ticket which gave him the right to rove where he chose, was afoot overnight. The fronts of the houses in all the streets that could command the least point of view were lined with scaffolding, like so many galleries or boxes, raised one above another to the very roofs. These were covered with carpets and cloths of different colors, and filled quite early in the day with richly dressed spectators, the mob underneath making "a pretty contrast" to the rest of the company.

Of course, there were plenty of foot soldiers on the ground. Mr. Heming relates how surprised he was to see the officers familiarly conversing and walking arm in arm with many of the privates. This surprise lasted until "we were let into the secret that they were gentlemen, who had put on the dresses of common soldiers, for what purpose I need not mention."

Mr. Heming has a tender heart. "It gave me pain," he confesses, "to see the soldiers, both horse and foot, obliged most unmercifully to belabor the heads of the mob with their broadswords, bayonets and muskets, but it was not unpleasant to observe several tipping the horse soldiers slyly from time to time (some with halfpence and some with silver, as they could muster up the cash) to let them pass between the horses to get near the platform, where he got admittance just as their Majesties were seated at the upper end under magnificent canopies."

The procession began to quit Westminster Hall between 11 and 12. It seems a veritable "familiar" does this Mr. Heming in his power to dart hither and thither. Being willing to see the royal procession pass along the platform through the streets from Westminster Hall to the west door of the abbey, he hastens from the hall, and "by the assistance of a soldier," gets back to his former station at the corner of Bridge street, where the windows commanded a double view at the turning.

He has not, however, the words to express "that innate joy and satisfaction which the spectators felt and expressed, especially as their Majesties passed by; on whose countenances a dignity suited to their station, tempered with the most amiable complacency, was sensibly impressed." The young sovereign had only been married to the good Queen Caroline in the previous July. It was noticed that as their Majesties and the nobility passed the corner which commanded a prospect of Westminster Bridge they stopped short and turned back to look at the people, whose appearance, as they all had their hats off, and were thickly planted on the ground, which rose gradually, Mr. Heming compares to nothing but a pavement of heads and faces.

Mr. Heming next turns up in the Abbey, but it is not to be wondered at that he did not get there in time to have so distinct a view as he could have wished. Still he saw a good deal, and "our friend Harry Whitaker had the luck to be stationed in the first row of the gallery behind the seats allotted for the nobility." Harry Whitaker consequently supplements the narrative at this interesting point.

The coronation sermon lasted only fifteen minutes. The king was anointed on the crown of his head, his breast and the palms of his hands. At the very instant the crown was placed on the king's head a fellow having been placed on the top of the abbey dome, whence he could look down into the chancel, with a flag which he dropped as a signal, the park and Tower guns began to fire, the trumpets sounded, and the Abbey echoed with the repeated shouts and acclamations of the people, which, on account of the awful silence that had hitherto reigned, had a very striking effect. The reverent attention which both their Majesties paid when (after making their second oblations) the next ceremony was (their receiving the holy communion, brought to the mind of every one near them a proper recollection of the consecrated place in which they were.

Alas! that there should have been a reverse to this benignant picture. According to "what Harry observed," there were such long pauses between some of the ceremonies in the Abbey as plainly showed all the actors were not perfect in their parts. Much chagrin and disappointment was occasioned to the spectators by the late return of the procession. In the open air the crowd had but a very dim and gloomy view of it, while to those who

had sat patiently in Westminster Hall, waiting its return for six hours (Mr. Heming pretends that he was one of these patient creatures) scarce a glimpse of it appeared, as the branches were not lighted till just upon His Majesty's entrance. "The whole was confusion, irregularity and disorder."

Mr. Heming's description of the coronation banquet in Westminster Hall merits the epithet "gorgeous." Their Majesties' table was served with three courses, at the first of which Earl Talbot, as steward of His Majesty's household, rode up from the hall gate to the steps leading to where their Majesties sat, and on his returning the spectators were presented with an unexpected sight in his lordship's backing his horse that he might keep his face still toward the king. A loud clapping and huzzaling consequently ensued. After that the king's champion, Mr. Dymoke, came clattering up the hall mounted on a fine white horse, "the same his late Majesty rode at the battle of Dettingen," and completely armed, in one of His Majesty's best suits of white armor.

It only remains to add that "our friend Harry," whom we have met before, "got brimful of His Majesty's claret," and in the universal plunder brought off the glass Her Majesty drank in, which is placed in the beaulet as a valuable curiosity." What an acquisition "our friend Harry" would be to any coronation party next June!—London Daily Mail.

## His Own Executioner.

Many instances have been cited in proof of the argument that it pays to be polite, but few are more striking than the experience of an Italian telegrapher at the hands of Calimberti, the Minister of Posts and Telegraphs, as reported in a letter from Rome.

The Minister was at Genoa, and desiring to send a dispatch of great importance, he went to the telegraph office and approached the wicket.

No one was there. He knocked—profound silence. He repeated his efforts, and only after a third trial a clerk appeared, who addressed him in language that was anything but complimentary. He had evidently been awakened from his afternoon nap.

The Minister listened to his grumbling, and then said pleasantly:

"Excuse me, but what may your name be?"

"X. X."

"Are you a clerk or telegrapher?"

"Telegrapher."

Calimberti wrote out a telegraphic message and said:

"Will you be so kind as to send this for me?"

The telegram read: "Ministry of Posts, Rome: The telegrapher, X. X., is transferred to Sicily—Calimberti."

As Sicily is the hospital for all public functionaries who are in disgrace or in the way, and as one seldom escapes from it, the clerk's feelings may be easily imagined.

## House Cleaning by Air.

The first stationary compressed air cleaning apparatus to be placed in a hotel in the United States, if not in the world, was put in operation in Milwaukee recently. The compressor is located in the basement, and from it pipes lead to every floor of the building, with places thereon for attaching the hose, and hereafter the carpets and furniture and draperies of the hotel will be kept clean and sweet by means of this new device. It is an automatic piece of mechanism, and when in use the air pressure is kept at eighty pounds to the square inch. It is operated by electricity, and when the limit of pressure is reached the electrical current is cut off; but as soon as started up the connection is renewed and the pressure maintained. By this means the air current is sent through the carpets, furniture and bedding, cleaning out all dirt and rendering them sweet and clean.—Milwaukee Sentinel.

## Out of Sight.

"Yes, I have a pretty big mouth, for a fact," admitted the candid man, "but I have learned to keep it shut, and that counts for something when you take your levels. I received a lesson when I was a small boy that I have never forgotten. I was born and brought up on a farm, and I had the country boy habit of going around with my mouth wide open, especially if there was anything unusual going on. One day an uncle, whom I had not seen for years, paid us a visit.

"Hullo, uncle," said I, looking up at him with my mouth opened like a barn door.

"He looked at me for a moment without answering, and then said: 'Close your mouth, sonny, so I can see who you are.'"

"I took the lesson to my heart and resolved that from that day I would not allow my mouth to conceal my identity."—Detroit Free Press.

## Coldest Spot on Earth.

The coldest spot on earth where human beings exist is a little town in the valley of the Lena, in Siberia, called Verchajansk. Hundreds of people in that region have lived to a ripe old age, and yet the thermometer in that town has been known to descend to the cavernous figure of 93.4 degrees below zero. The average temperature in Verchajansk during the winter months is 74.8 degrees below zero. The Verchajansk soil is frozen permanently to a depth of 380 feet, and yet, during the month of July the temperature of Verchajansk is on the average sixty-nine degrees above zero, the same as that of Paris.

## Insect Carries a Dust Brush.

A neat little brush is attached to the tail of the glow worm, and it is used to keep clean that part of the insect from which the light gleams, so as to make it more distinctly visible.

## An Urgent Desire.

"Papa, do you know this is my eighteenth birthday?"

"Yes, my dear."

"Papa, I want you to do me a great favor on my birthday," and the beautiful girl buried her face in the paternal bosom.

"And what is the favor my little girl wants?"

"Papa, you have influence with the gas company, haven't you?"

"Well, yes, my dear."

"Then get them to remove that gas lamp away from right in front of our gate."

Thus it was that the fond father discovered that a daughter isn't a little girl always.

## Gotham Slang Up to Date.

"New York has the most picturesque slang in the world," declares a returned Washingtonian. "An arab took possession of my grip at the Cortlandt street ferry the other day and carried it to the Sixth avenue elevated. I tendered him a dime. He looked at it contemptuously, rolled it over in his hand and said: 'Say, boss, break it into two fives, will yer? If I flashes dat roll where I ain't knowed I'll be pinched for a bank robber.'"

"Later I heard two young men discussing Andrew Freedman, president of the New York baseball club. 'Andy came into the lobby,' said he, 'with a diamond in his shirt front big enough to play Delahanty for a collar button.'"

## Danger in the Figurative.

"Why, pa, this is roast beef!" exclaimed little Willie at dinner on the evening when Mr. Chumpleigh was present as the guest of honor.

"Of course," said the father. "What of that?"

"Why, you told me this morning that you were going to bring a 'mutton-head' home for dinner this evening."

## Fitting Reckoning.

Colly—When he told you, dear boy, you hadn't sense enough to pound sand in a rat hole, what did you do?

Freddy—I told him, baw Jove, I hoped I had too much sense to pound sand in a rat hole! Why should anybody do so ridiculous a thing as that, don't you know?

## Politicians.

Phil Brick—What's the difference between an honest and a dishonest politician?

Phil Cassifer—One is in politics for the good he can do his fellow-citizens, while the other is in politics for any amount he can do his fellow-citizens.

## Boston Brownings.

Mrs. Gush—How do you do, 'Manda? How did you like the reading of Browning at the club last night?

Mrs. Bluff—Oh, pretty well. But I didn't like the way her dress hung.

Mrs. Gush—Nor I, either. And it seemed to me she might have held the book more gracefully.

## Peace of Mind.

"At any rate," said the wealthy man, "you have peace of mind."

"How is that?" demanded the poor man.

"Because," was the reply, "a wealthy man is always puzzled to know how rich he is, but a poor man never has any difficulty in discovering how poor he is."

## Self-abnegation.

She—Will you make any sacrifices during Lent?

He—Oh, yes; I am going to Europe.

She—But that's usually a pleasure.

He—Well, I expect to give up a lot of things on the voyage.

## Was Not "Scented."

The unsophisticated old woman asked a druggist the other day if he had any soap.

"Yes, ma'am," he replied. "Do you want it scented or unscented?"

"Well," she replied, "bein' it's so small, I guess I'll take it along with me."

Thirty minutes is all the time required to dye with PUTNAM FADELESS DYES. Sold by all druggists.

Two hundred and fifty Trappist monks are now working at twenty-five stations in South Africa.

## Beware of Ointments For Catarrh That Contain Mercury.

as mercury will surely destroy the sense of smell and completely derange the whole system when entering it through the mucous surfaces. Such articles should never be used except on prescriptions from reputable physicians, as the damage they will do is ten fold to the good you can possibly derive from them. Hall's Catarrh Cure, manufactured by F. J. Cheney & Co., Toledo, O., contains no mercury, and is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. In buying Hall's Catarrh Cure be sure to get the genuine. It is taken internally, and is made in Toledo, Ohio, by F. J. Cheney & Co. Testimonials free.

Sold by Druggists, price 75c. per bottle. Hall's Family Pills are the best.

One hundred thousand letters are posted in the wrong pillar boxes in London every day.

## Best For the Bowels.

No matter what ails you, headache to a cancer, you will never get well until your bowels are put right. Cascara helps nature, cure you without a gripe or pain, produce easy natural movements, cost you just 10 cents to start getting your health back. Cascara Candy Cathartic, the genuine, put up in metal boxes, every tablet has C. C. stamped on it. Beware of imitations.

Some people only seem to put their best foot forward when they are looking for trouble.

## Many School Children Are Sickly.

Mother Gray's Sweet Powders for Children, used by Mother Gray, a nurse in Children's Home, New York, break up Colds in 24 hours. cure Feverishness, Headache, Stomach Troubles, Teething Disorders and Destroy Worms. At all druggists, 25c. Sample mailed Free. Address Allen S. Olmsted, Le Roy, N. Y.

Venice has a German school, which, however, has more Italian than German children.

FITSPERMANENTLY CURED. No fits or nervousness after first day's use of Dr. Kline's Great Nerve Restorer. \$2.00 per bottle and \$4.00 per box. Dr. R. H. KLINE, Ltd., 381 Arden St., Phila., Pa.

There are about 900,000 more women than men in the German empire.

I am sure Piso's Cure for Consumption saved my life three years ago.—MRS. THOMAS HOBBS, Maple St., Norwich, N. Y., Feb. 17, 1900.

Tea consumed in England is subject to a duty of twelve cents a pound.

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup for children teething, softens the gums, reduces inflammation, allays pain, cures wind colic. 25c. a bottle.

Does the detective have to get a pointer in order to dog a criminal's footsteps?



## Miss Marion Cunningham, the Popular Young Treasurer of the Young Woman's Club of Emporia, Kans., has This to Say of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

"DEAR MRS. PINKHAM:—Your Vegetable Compound cured me of womb trouble from which I had been a great sufferer for nearly three years. During that time I was very irregular and would often have intense pain in the small of my back, and blinding headaches and severe cramps. For three months I used Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, and aches and pains are as a past memory, while health and happiness is my daily experience now. You certainly have one grateful friend in Emporia, and I have praised your Vegetable Compound to a large number of my friends. You have my permission to publish my testimonial in connection with my picture. Yours sincerely, MISS MARION CUNNINGHAM, Emporia, Kans."

\$5000 FORFEIT IF THE ABOVE LETTER IS NOT GENUINE.

When women are troubled with irregular, suppressed or painful menstruation, weakness, leucorrhoea, displacement or ulceration of the womb, that bearing-down feeling, inflammation of the ovaries, backache, bloating (or flatulence), general debility, indigestion, and nervous prostration, or are beset with such symptoms as dizziness, faintness, lassitude, excitability, irritability, nervousness, sleeplessness, melancholy, "all-gone," and "want-to-be-left-alone" feelings, blues, and hopelessness, they should remember there is one tried and true remedy, Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound at once removes such troubles. Refuse to buy any other medicine, for you need the best.

Mrs. Pinkham invites all sick women to write her for advice. She has guided thousands to health. Address, Lynn, Mass.

**SALZER'S Superior FODDER PLANTS**  
**VICTORIA RAPE**  
About 10 miles ahead of Dwarf Essex Rape in business, in vigor and nourishing quality. It makes it possible to grow rape and sheep and cattle all over America at 1c. a lb. It is marvellously prolific. Salzer's catalog tells.

**Giant Incarnate Clover**  
Produces a luxuriant crop three feet tall within six weeks after seeding and lots and lots of pastureage all summer long. It will do well anywhere. Price dirt cheap.

**Grass, Clovers and Fodder Plants**  
Our catalogue is brimful of thoroughly tested farm seeds such as Thousand Headed Kale; Teosinte, producing tons of green fodder per acre; Pea Hay; Speltz, with its 10 bushels of grain and 4 tons of hay per acre; Dillion Dollar Grass, etc., etc.

**Salzer's Grass Mixtures**  
Yielding 6 tons of magnificent hay and an endless amount of pastureage on any farm in America.

**Bromus tennensis—6 tons of Hay per Acre**  
The great grass of the century, growing wherever soil is found. Our great catalogue, worth \$100 to any wide awake American farmer or gardener, is mailed to you with many farm seed samples, upon receipt of but 10 cents postage. Catalog alone 5 cents for postage.

**JOHN A. SALZER SEED COMPANY, La Crosse, Wis.**

## How He Got His Birthmark.

The other day a well known rounder, somewhat the worse for a discolored eye, walked into a down town restaurant, where he met a number of his friends.

"Hello, Jim," exclaimed one of the men, "what's the matter with your eye? Been getting into trouble?"

"Oh, no," replied the man, "that's a birthmark."

"A birthmark!" said the first speaker, in surprise. "You did not have it a few days ago. How do you account for a birthmark appearing at this time of life?"

"Well," answered Jim, by way of explanation. "It's like this: You see, I went to Chicago the other night, and on the way back I got into the wrong berth."

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